

TO HOME'S DEAR SCENES I BADE ADIEU
LOIN DES CHALET

a celebrated Swiss Melody

Adapted & arranged with an Accompaniment

for the
Piano Forte

by

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PIANO

or

HARP.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for piano or harp. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the dynamics start with 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The melody is a lively, ascending and then descending line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The score continues with a second system, where the dynamics change to 'pp' (pianissimo) and then 'f' (forte). The piece concludes with a final cadence.

Loin des châteaux qui m'ont vu naître,
 To home's dear scenes I bade adieu. All.

Dans les cielos pourtant mes pas,
 — lur'd by young an — bi — tion's voice; Pascal

Mon cœur se — duit vou — lut con — naître Dieu, tres
 ev' — ry clime de — light — ed through, Saw all that

peu — ples, d'un — tres cli — mats. O! mon pa — ys, de tes
 makes the soul re — joice. Still home with its de —

bel — les cam — pa — gnes Je garde au moins le tou — chant sou — ve
— light — ful plains, From mem' — ry's seat can ne'er de —

nir, Et loin de toi ce re — fraîn des mon — ta — gnes
part: Tho' far from thy sweet moun — tain strains, Their

Me fait tou — jours palpi — ter de plaisir, pal — pi — ter de plai —
mu — sic ech — oes round my heart echoes, round my heart, round my

— air: La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
heart! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
pp

la, la, la, la, la, le refrain dont je garde un touchant
la, la, la, la, la, Oh! my sweet mountain strains will my heart

son—venir, Me fait tou—jour pol—pi—ter de plai—sir,
ne't forget, In my fond mem'ry their sounds linger yet.

The vale, the hill with castle crowns
Where plays the cool, refreshing breeze,
The gardens, woods, the fairy ground,
Ah! when shall I revisit these?
Still home, &c.

The peaceful pleasures of the vale,
The tranquil lake, the azure sky,
My Parents' hearth, its cheerful tale,
The toils, the mirth, for all I sigh.
Still home, &c.

Quand reverrai-je la colline
Où l'on respire un air si frais!
Et le château qui la domine,
Et ses jardins et ses forêts!
O mon pays! &c.

Que je regrette au sein des villes
La douce paix de nos hameaux!
Nos cieux d'azur, nos lacs tranquilles;
Nos jours de fête et nos travaux!
O mon pays! &c.